

## In Memoriam: Gordon R. Hubbard

*Note: Gordon Hubbard of Beach Plum Lane died last week at the age of 81. At the family's request no obituary was written and all services were kept private. However, Mr. Hubbard's son Kevin Hubbard was kind enough to share this eulogy of his father, who was well known in Duxbury and a frequent visitor to the Clipper. We shall miss him. — J. Cutler*

I think the thing people will remember most about Gordon is his teasing but good-natured sense of humor. He was a real character and a very likeable one at that. But at the same time, he was always rock-solid and well grounded, with both feet firmly planted on the ground. He had a sense of responsibility that was quite admirable. As a father, he always made us feel like he was in charge. If something broke, he could fix it. If we were embarking on a long car trip, his driving was so trust-

worthy we could fall asleep, rest assured that he would get us to our destination safely. And he always gave us the feeling that if we were ever attacked or mugged, he would do everything in his power to protect us. As my sister Diane says, "He was always my Superman."

Apart from working hard as a welder and welding teacher to pay the bills and put food on the table, Gordon was also a versatile craftsman and handyman, who loved to work outdoors, around the yard, or in his workshop in the basement. In that



workshop is where he hung our dartboard. I can recall our many games and his uncanny ability to intimidate me into missing my target – sometimes the whole board. Many who golfed with Gordon can also relate to this: He would never talk while you were shooting – no, Gordon was no cheater and always played by the etiquette of the game – but it was his subtle remarks in between shots that were enough to throw you off your game just enough to make you mess up.

Gordon was one of the most generous and kind-hearted people I ever knew. I remember when I became old enough to compete at Little League baseball, he found time apart from his busy schedule to coach the team I played on. I found out later that he did it just to make sure that I would get plenty of playing time. My older brother, David, had died tragically at the age of ten, and Gordon was going to make sure that I got the chance David never got.

Gordon was one cool guy. After I graduated from high school I spent a year in Southern California. The day I returned, he was unable to pick me up at the airport because he was busy that day teaching welding for the CETA Program in the Campello section of Brockton. Gordon arranged to have a couple of his friends pick me up and deliver me to his classroom. When I arrived he introduced me to his students and moments later he was summoned outside to deal with a crisis. There I was, alone with these dozen or so macho-looking young men in their twenties. At that moment I couldn't help but wonder what these guys thought of my old man. Seconds later, one of them broke the silence and said, "Hey Kevin, we think your dad is the coolest guy," and the rest of them, all at the same time, joined in with words that expressed what a hot ticket they thought my father was. I can't tell you how proud I was of my dad and how ignorant I felt for the fact that I had to be told it to realize it.

Gordon was a class act who always kept us at ease with his easy-going, wonderful, charming spirit. Although his passing is a great loss to all who knew him and especially to those of us who were lucky enough to know him well, we get to carry his spirit with us – wherever and forever.